

Theatres Des Vampires **"The Golden Sin"**

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[Music: Fabian - Lyrics: R. Sciamanna]

A golden mask that hides the spirit of metamorphosis,
his empty and dark glance is without expression
Fluent back hair frames his freezing face; the dark
cloak covers the rest of his body without forms
Freezing air around him while golden rain falls down to
strike greedy men and turns them into golden statues
Human collection kept in this golden paradise in The
Great and ancient castle of the sadistic judge
The golden sin is the mark on their skin... It's their
condemnation, it's our light!
Oh spirit of Justice! Kill this futile humanity! Their sin is
our wealth! Their costly suffering we can breathe!
Statues with wide eyes, it's their last glance! Mouth
agape, it's their last scream!
The golden spirit on his throne looks at their
expressions
He hates and loves the men because he can't have a
face
He can't change his expression and now he sentences
and lives his feelings through their faces to eternity
Nothing can change in the darkness of the death, like
their faces blocked in a golden prison!
The golden sin is the mark on their skin... It's their
condemnation, it's our light!
Oh spirit of Justice! Kill this futile humanity! Their sin is
our wealth! Their costly suffering we can breathe!

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